

In the morning, before joining the family, my husband told me that my letters were awaiting me down stairs, which *I did not know*, and upon going down I found them as he had said; also the letter from Missouri was inclosed in one from my sister;

and they stated that the extreme pressure of their business had prevented an earlier response.

Although they had not heard from us in several months, and did not know of my husband's illness, they wrote that their son dreamed about the time he died, of receiving a letter with that intelligence, and awoke weeping violently; and after the reception of my letter he could scarcely eat or sleep. They are strict Methodists, and non-believers in Spiritualism.

Not long since, a minister who is a medium, on returning home one night, thought he would take a new route by going across the woods, though he did not know the way. The Spirits came and directed his course, but thinking it folly to be guided by them, he struck out in a contrary direction from the way they wished him to go, and soon, to his dismay, found himself hemmed in by a large swamp which he could not cross. Again the invisibles came to guide him, and he readily gave up to them, when he had to retrace his steps and go the way they told him first. So he reached the intended point without further trouble.

I have several other incidents, but will close lest I weary you.

MRS. COWEE.

TEST IN NEW LONDON CONN.

NEW LONDON, CONN., July 13, 1858.

I take this opportunity of sending you a test for you to place in your paper, if you think it worthy of your columns.

The medium through whom this comes is Mrs. Potts, who resides in the north part of our city. She was influenced by an Indian Spirit, who was a chief, and the last of his tribe that was left at Fort Hill, New London. He gives his name Qoh Fruxop. He informed us that his life was taken, and that his body was buried on the south-east corner of the Fort Hill lot. He stated that he has been many years in the Spirit-world, and had often visited the place where his body lay; that he had brought many a message to earth; that he was in a high sphere in the Spirit-land. He gave a description, by signs, of his mortar, pestle and spoon which he formerly took his food from. The medium then rose and took off the Indian, giving his height of over six feet, and that he was murdered by those who followed him.

We have dug up the soil where he says that his body was buried. I can say that I have seen the body of an Indian, which appears to be six feet, and found that he was buried face down, head lying at the westward. The brass band which was around his cap, I have in my hands, and his bones, with his stone mortar and pestle, which were all put into a new box and buried near the same place, in the corner of my strawberry garden. Respectfully, etc., JOHN DANFORTH.

A COUPLE OF TESTS.

FAMES PATRICKS.—It is now six years since I was first developed as a Spirit medium, and since that time I have passed through various phases of manifestations, such as writing, rapping, speaking, and making clairvoyant examinations of diseases; also prescriptions. As there may be some facts you might think worthy a place in your valuable paper, I will send you an account of my mediumistic experience, and you can dispose of it as you please.

Six years ago last August, I was sitting in a circle with two others, when my hand was seized with a convulsive movement, which stopped suddenly as it was seized. It was seized in the same manner the second and third time; then it was shaken very violently for about half an hour. The influence then became quiet, and controlled my hand to write quite a lengthy communication, to which was signed the name, "Sama Swartz." We then asked questions regarding her place of residence while on earth, her age, occupation, etc., all of which we were unacquainted with (as we were comparative strangers in the country); but on making inquiry, we found the answers all correct.

Nothing of any particular moment occurred until the next June, when I was attacked with the ague and fever. I had it every day for four days, and it was so severe, I was unable to walk across the room. The fourth day my fever was raging very high, when I was influenced and thrown in a kind of trance, in which state I remained about an hour and a half. When I came out of it, I heard a voice whisper in my ear, "Rise; your fever will leave you, and shall not return again." At that moment (as those present informed me) my face had assumed a purple hue; it was supported by the intensity of the fever. I arose from my bed; the fever left me immediately, and I walked around the room, free from pain or any inconvenience, and I had no more of the demon.

I have not time to state any more incidents now; but, if you wish, at another time I will send you more facts as they have come under my notice from time to time, both through my own mediumship, and that of others of the family.

Yours in the cause of truth and progress.

OSWALDO, LEO.

MRS. HARKNEY M. VICKERY.

BRODIR'S FLEET IN CLONTARF BAY.

THE SUBJECT FROM "STILLA SAGA."

BY J. W. D. MOODIE.

The winds were hushed in Clontarf Bay.

As Brodir's fleet at anchor lay;
And through the watches of the night,
The horsemen dreamed but of the light.
From time to time the hollow boom
Of thunders broke the sullen gloom;
And through the rifted clouds on high
Blue lightnings flickered o'er the sky.
The watchmen on each galley's deck
Their measured pace would oft times check.
And leaning o'er the gunwale's bound,
Would hearken to each dismal sound.
With hearts oppressed they listened there,
While wild cries rent the trembling air,
Or peered into the thickening night,
To watch the "Valkyr's" awful flight.

Restless below stern Brodir lay,
He could not sleep, he would not pray;
For now amid the gloom of night,
His guilty conscience quailed with fright.
As tracing back his dark career,
Deep scarred with deeds and sights of fear;
And brooding o'er his fated doom,
His galley seemed a living tomb.

Hark! now from out the bulging cloud
Bart lightnings fierce and thunders loud,
Rending and crashing o'er his head,
With din enough to wake the dead.
Upstarting from their slumber sleep
The startled crew half frantic leap;
While o'er the deck where'er they stood,
Fell curdling drops of reeking blood!

Thus passed the dismal night away
O'er Brodir's fleet in Clontarf Bay,
And in each ship at break of day
A ghastly corpse extended lay.

The clouds of night lay piled on high
Along the margin of the sky.
And bursting o'er their craggy height,
The sun poured forth his golden light;
O'er verdant fields the trickling rills
Came sparkling down from woody hills.
And Brodir blessed the glorious day
That chased that awful night away.

But still amid the smiling morn
Dark shades crept o'er his spirit torn.
And black remorse upon him fell,
With gleams of the apostate's hell!
For crossed in Holy Jesus' name
He had abjured his heathen fame;
But now once more his deck he trode
A renegade—to man and God!

Night came again with direful sounds,
As if the sea had burst its bounds,
And far along the Irish shore
Was heard the surge's deafening roar.
The galleys pitched, and from the deep
Huge monsters now in terror leap.
For glowing all with pale light
The sea is opened to their sight.

And hark! this night brings fresh alarms,
Shrieks of despair and crash of arms—
For axes, leaping from their stands,
Are wielded by no mortal hands;
And clashing swords and spears that night
All waged a dreadful demon fight,
And horror seized the trembling crew.
While specter warriors met their view.

Thus passed the second night away,
O'er Brodir's fleet in Clontarf Bay;
And in each ship at break of day,
A mangled corpse extended lay.

The day has dawned, and on the coast
Is seen great Brian's mighty host,
Extended far in proud array,
Rejoicing in the light of day.
The flags are lowered, the trumpets sound,
As aged Brian rides around,
While all the Irish valleys ring
With shouts for Erin's Patriot king.
Well might they shout, as bending low,
His white locks falling on his brow,
And stretching forth his trembling hand,
Old Brian blessed his native land.
Then boding up the cross on high,
"For this we fight—for this we'll die.
I strive no more for worldly crown.
For God has made our cause his own."
O'er Brodir's ships there hung a cloud,
That, o'er in flame and thunder loud,

And spreading darkly o'er them all,
It wrapped them like a funeral pall.
With folded arms there Brodir stood;
He looked into the leaden flood,
And fain would rush into the fight
To 'scape the horrors of the night.
Night closed around and darkness threw
Its spectral terrors o'er the crew.
A cry is heard throughout the fleet,
The men in wild confusion meet;
For hellish ravens screaming loud,
Descending on the heathen crowd,
With flapping wings their bodies tore,
Till beak and talon dripped with gore.

Thus passed that last dread night away,
O'er Brodir's fleet in Clontarf Bay,
And in each ship at break of day,
A mangled corpse extended lay.

own'pent with toil the pirates elpt
When Brodir from his galley crept,
And in his boat he stole away
To where the ships of Ospac lay.
With blood shot eye and looks of dread,
He trembling stood beside his bed,
And wiped, tongue-tied with horror now,
The moisture from his clammy brow.

Ospac first the silence broke—
He knew his errand ere he spoke—
For by his skill in magic arts
He searched the depths of human hearts.
"Thou canst to me to read thy fate,
Thou whom I loved, but now I hate;
Now listen, trembler, while I tell
What meaneth all that thee befell."

"The flashing swords and axes bright
That clashed throughout the sleepless night;
The showers of reeking blood reveal
A bloody death thy fate to seal.
Yet, hear me, Brodir, once again,
While I the ravens' beaks explain:
Those bloody beaks and talons tell
Of racks prepared for thee in hell!"

"Ah, tremble Brodir, on the brink
Of that dread gulf from which you shrink.
Why come to me with thy soul's load?
Thou scourge of men, and cursed of God!
Go seek thy fate, and never doubt
The wrath of Heaven will find thee out;
But ne'er shall Ospac's bright axe-swing
Against that glorious Christian king."

Gasping with rage, he could not speak,
But quick to Brodir's pallid cheek
The color mounts; and like a flood
His heart is filled with thoughts of blood.
He sped away like bird of night;
But ere he landed for the fight
Ospac once more he swears to meet,
And wreak his vengeance on his fleet.
But wary Ospac knew the man,
And dived into his secret plan,
Then urged by every sail and oar
Straight through the fleet his galleys bore,
And now, while shouts around them ring,
He bend his knee to Erin's king.
His faith is pledged in veal or wo,
To fight against the common foe.

No more he fears fierce Odin's ire;
His god's are hurled into the fire.
And o'er his soul he feels the glow
Of holier feelings gently flow.
The bars were there, and o'er their strings
The song of holy fervor rings.
The cross was raised, and as they swept
The sacred chords, the pirate wept.

THE HYMN.

Hail! Holy Cross, the emblem given
To point the way from earth to heaven.
Hail! Sacred Cross! 'Tis thine to give
The hope that bids our souls to live.
Sound o'er the plane the sacred lyre,
Till freed from stain by holy fire,
Our souls to brighter realms aspire!
Sound, sound the lyre!

Swell, swell once more the anthem loud,
Till rolling back the roseate cloud
The glorious cross is seen on high
To lead us on to victory!

The cross! the cross! now lift your eyes
From worldly dross; it bids you rise
To soar aloft through purer skies!
Arise! Arise!

Eternal God, from thy blest throne
Look down upon this planet lone;
Accept the holy prayers that rise
To thee—our purest sacrifice.
O! Power Divine, when blest by Thee
Our cause is Thine; Thine shall we be.
O, give us then the victory,
That sets us free.

Hail glorious cross! By sorrow tried
On that blest cross, the Savior died.
O, Christ! Thy blood hath set us free,
And shall we not, then, die for Thee?
Then gladly rear the cross on high;
Dried be each tear and hushed each sigh;
O! rear the sacred cross on high,
For victory!

SPIRITUAL LYCEUM AND CONFERENCE.

FIFTEENTH SESSION OF THE CONFERENCE.

When the reporter took his seat, Dr. Orton was dilating on the law of hindrances, which was the staple subject of the last Conference. All that he was fortunate enough to hear of it, was an allusion to the statement of Mrs. Farnham with respect to its application to State criminals, which the Doctor commended, and recommended that an effort should be made to change the present law, which sends one culprit to prison for five, and another for ten years, and so on, that the limit of confinement should be that of reformation, without any reference to time. When that is secured, he would have them set free. The fact of reformation he would have determined by a suitable commission.

Mr. SWACKHAMMER thought we should have a question upon which the minds of the audience can be concentrated. This can be done by taking up his all-embracing and thoroughly original subject—The evils of life and their remedies. With respect to the mere fragmentary and outside efforts based upon the law of love, he considers them mere band-aids. Prison reform, colonization, temperance and other like movements, professedly based on the law of love, was simply whipping the Devil round the stump. We must look deeper and find the root or cause. Love is simply affinity and acts only for its object—for what it loves. Its prayer is—God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more. The church professes to act from love, but it extends that love upon the sect. The reformer must act from principle rather than from his limited likes or dislikes. To illustrate: The man who is governed simply by his passionate attraction, in the case of two individuals equally needing his aid, the one being an object of his love and the other of his hatred, or even indifference, will bestow his help upon the one he loves, and leave the other to help himself. But he who, in a like case, acts from principle, will minister to either according to his need without reference to his love. Need, not love, should be the governing principle of the reformer. The grand complex of human needs should receive every attention; for, until they are all supplied it will be in vain to expect a millennium here on earth. By attending to this matter, that is to say, by putting forth an associative effort to supply these needs, we shall do more in five years for humanity, than all the love-born efforts have accomplished since the days of John Howard.

Dr. ORTON thought we were warranted in taking a more cheerful view of the world as it stands, than was presented by the gentleman who had preceded him. We were accomplishing more in one year than our ancestors did in half a century. He thinks that God still lives and that the world is cared for, and in the end will come out all right, notwithstanding the doleful prognostics of modern reformers. He would not be understood as denying the use of their efforts, but he thinks they may be compared to comets with eccentric orbits rather than to those fixed stars in the firmament of natural progress which shine forever and ever with undiminished luster. With respect to Bro. Swackhammer's criticism on love, he is of the opinion that if he will pause from reforming the world for a little season, long enough to take a deeper look into the subject, he will find that man universally acts from his love—that man is as his love.

Dr. GOULD is pained to find that the doctrine of Mrs. Farnham with respect to the kind treatment of criminals, and those who have gone out of the way, is in high repute here. He thinks that the freedom from handcuffs, sour bread and foul air, which she achieved for the inmates of the Sing Sing Prison, naturally made them think more of her than of the other keepers, who were religiously disposed to carry out the more Christian idea of the state which is, that crime should invariably sleep in a dog kennel, wear shackles, and regale itself with stale provisions. Now, the unmistakable inference to be drawn from this laudation of Mrs. Farnham and her kindness to criminals is, that they ought not to have been sent there at all; that they are, in fact, not criminals, but wofully injured men, needing only short care and kindness to make them the very pinks of moral purity. According to this doctrine, to reform a "Dead Rabbit," all you have to do is to feed him well. To sweeten his disposition, give him plenty of sweet bread. A clean shirt will endow him with the odor of sanctity. All his sins may be washed away by a shilling bath of Croton water. He is sick of such nonsense. The State is right. Crime ought to be punished. Are we to abolish all distinctions between crime and innocence? Where is the inducement for a man to become a saint, if he is to fare no better than a sinner? And how are the saints to be protected in their sacred rights of property, if the sinner is to go unpunished? The introduction of sweet bread and chicken fixings among the depraved creatures for whom the State and our municipal authorities have piously constructed so many public bells, would be to expose all the wealth of the respectable world to daily plunder. Let Mrs. Farnham try her sweet bread upon the "Dead Rabbits" before they enter the institutions which the State, under the evangelical wing of the Church, has prepared for their just punishment. They are sent there to be made uncomfortable, and should be left to their misery. Every man knows better than to commit sin, and when he does, he should be made to suffer.

Mr. PRATTING said: He had an apology to make for the absence of certain diagrams or pictures, purporting to have been made by Spirit directions or under Spirit influence, illustrative of a Spirit's idea of the development of the earth, and the unfolding of man and angels, which had been advertised for free exhibition here to-night. He was sorry for the disappointment, but circumstances beyond his control had rendered it unavoidable. Some of the facts connected with the friend through whose instrumentality it had been prepared, had a sufficient bearing upon the question before us, which he understood to be the law of love, to induce him to state them. The friend had come here from

Chicago at his own expense, had painted the pictures and diagrams at his own cost, and was here to make a free exhibition of it. Doubtless the laborer is worthy of his hire; but it is equally true that, that which is good for all, should be free to all. The example of our friend from Chicago may be carried out to advantage. This free contribution, offered in all sincerity of soul on his part, should, beget free offerings in ourselves. He is opposed to making merchandise of the truth, or rather, to presenting it in a mercantile spirit. Men should never be set apart to peddle the Gospel. There are more useful, if not more honest, methods of securing our bread and butter than that. A man set to grind out two sermons a week, the year round, may be better employed. Would he write less and dig more potatoes, he would write all the better. There is not that discrepancy between physical labor and mental proficiency, which has been supposed. The time-honored plan of educating one class of men to educate all the others, should be changed for the more universal plan of educating each man for himself. This sending of a few boys out of the multitudes, to college for the purpose of acquiring the ability to do the thinking for all the people, does not savor of the genius of the nineteenth century. The true office of education is, to enable every man to think for himself.

Dr. GRAY said: One of the remedies for existing evils is to be found in the properly constituted spiritual circle. The orderly development or progress of the race, has for its basis the growth of the individual. There is a psychodynamic effect produced by others, which may be mistaken for progress, as is often seen in what are called revivals of religion. The backslider in his fall from grace, feels himself to be in a much worse state than he was before his conversion. His misery is simply the result of contrasting his psychological with his normal condition. His imagined redemption and supposed purification are effects produced upon him from without, and, in reality, his fall from grace is simply the dying out of the physical exotic which took root in his imagination during the warm sunshine and descending showers of the revival. Growth alone is permanent, and that is the natural result of the spiritual influence received through the true spiritual circle. The spiritual circle is a state of passivity—a listening, or negative state, into which impressions naturally flow, either from the spiritual world or from the spiritual side of this world (which is equally valuable) which leads to the enlargement of the affection, perception and judgment—a growth, in fact, of the whole spiritual man. But it should be borne in mind that the spiritual circle, like everything else, depends for its value upon the purpose of those who resort to it. Its use as a means of growth will be as the purpose. Human history, from the remotest antiquity, is full of proof to the point that the most original and progressive minds of every age have, either consciously or unconsciously, communed with the spiritual world, through receding from their external or sensuous degree, or in other words, by becoming negative.

The man who consents to sit in a spiritual circle, changes his position with respect to the prevailing religious opinions; and he who admits the undoubted evidence of Spirit-existence and intercourse with us in this life, has by that means grown largely beyond the old plane of thought; he has abandoned authority, and has become an investigator for himself. His new position necessarily impels a reconsideration of his old notions with respect to his relation to the past, the present and the future. The science of Anthropology requires the light derived through the spiritual circle. We need the discipline of the circle to give us a true knowledge of our relations to the world around us, as well as to the world above us.

Mr. TUCKER said: In his opinion the work of reformation is retarded through two causes. The first is the inefficiency of the reformer. To be successful, he should possess certain faculties predominant in the direction of his intended reform, and in all cases his moral or spiritual nature should predominate over his physical. To these necessary qualifications should be added an entire devotion of his time and energies to the proposed object. The second cause of failure is, that the reformer pushes his idea too far beyond the comprehension of the popular thought, and consequently is not understood. He sows his seed without the due preparation of the soil. His first work should have been to develop the mentality of those whom he seeks to benefit, up to the plane of his idea. Without this preliminary work, his subsequent efforts are a perpetual nullity.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

* It is no small satisfaction to the reporter to be able to state that, by request of several friends, Dr. Gray will embody his views upon the subject so imperfectly represented in the above report of his remarks, in a paper of his own, to be presented to the Conference at its next session.

IS THERE ANY REST?

Our neighbour asks an important question, especially to those who think God rests since the first six days, and those who look forward to a state of rest as the condition of happiness; and we have no doubt that the question will stir up thought to the evolution of goodness and truth.

SPENCER, ILL., July 5, 1858.

EDITOR OF TELEGRAPH:

Dear Sir—In answer to your call for contributions I send the following:

Is it not a philosophical fact that any body perfectly balanced does not move? The inference we may draw from this is that the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, animals and man—in short, all nature—is out of balance. But we can not stop here. If God is the Universe, if God is Omnipresent, then every atom in existence (whether as part of a human system or of an inanimate object,) is a part of God. If God is composed in part of matter, gross, imperfect, and subject to change of

form and locality, the conclusion must be that God is subject, alike with the human family and nature in general, to the law of progression; for if God should be stationary in respect to wisdom and knowledge, while man is (as we know) continually advancing, the time will arrive when mankind will become equal with God.

Yours, etc.,

WARD.

HEALING MEDIUM AT SARATOGA.

Mr. EDITOR—I observed in a late number of the TELEGRAPH an article from the pen of a professed brother in the spiritual cause, stating the affairs at Saratoga, and I feel it not only a duty, but a great pleasure, to correct a very bad mistake he seems to have made with relation to the healing influences at that place. He says there is no such healing medium as has been represented. I think it can be truly said that the medium through whom I have been healed, has never been fairly represented or appreciated, as he has quite recently commenced public practice. But to my personal knowledge, he has performed some as remarkable cures as any other noted medium now in the spiritual ranks. I had been suffering for years with a heart-difficulty, pressure on the brain, nervous derangement, general debility, and other weaknesses. I tried a great variety of medicine, by the advice of physicians, but without success. I was at last induced to apply to B. B. Newton, healing medium at Saratoga Springs. I remained under his treatment only three weeks, and was restored. I am happy to say that during that time I witnessed many very remarkable cures. The names of the persons I am at liberty to give, if called upon. I would say to the afflicted, they would not only find a wonderful medium at Saratoga, but a kind, benevolent, and sympathizing man. It is my sincere prayer that his efforts may be crowned with success, and that many more may find through him that greatest of all blessings, health.

Yours for truth,

C. A. TWISS.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., July 8, 1858.

INFIDEL CONVERSIONS.

The Boston Investigator pungently animadverts on the flourish the Church is wont to make now and then over the power of faith in converting infidels. It says:

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Thus it is that the Church, hoping to convert infidels, seems to take this hope as satisfactory evidence that the deed is done, fair and square. At least, we have seldom or never been able to find this evidence, when we have undertaken to hunt it up, as we have done repeatedly. It was always "not seen," or non est; and yet it was believed by the faithful—probably on the ground that the less plain and palpable the evidence, the more merit in accepting it. The orthodox papers keep up these stories of which the following is among the latest we have read:

"As a class of infidels in Massachusetts were recently studying the Bible to ascertain what it said on the subject of baptism, six or seven were led to faith in the word of God, and in Christ, and are now rejoicing in the Saviour."

This item was copied from the American Messenger, the orthodox tract paper of New York, which has for one of its mottoes: "A sanctified press, the hope of the world." We can understand the benefit of a true press, but a "sanctified" one is rather a doubtful affair, so long as it circulates such vague stories as the above, which looks very much like a pious or "sanctified" fraud. There is no way to ascertain the truth of it, even if we made the attempt, as no name of any person, town or city is given. Now, who would ever think of reporting a true story in this loose and doubtful manner? No one. If a man does not intend to falsify when he makes a statement, he gives some little details, so that an opportunity may be left for examination into the truth of it, provided it is called in question. But the above story, having no such marks, is no doubt an imposition from beginning to end—one of those pious frauds which seem to be allowable in maintaining the cause of orthodoxy, but which every intelligent and honest man condemns and despises.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

At Magnolia, Wisconsin, Sunday, June 27, VICTORIA E., wife of THOMAS HOTT, and eldest daughter of WARD and BETSY WITHEAM, aged twenty years.

Rejoicing in the evidence of her daily presence, her friends mourn not as those without hope. For though her Spirit's earth-tabernacle is laid aside, they know of a certainty that, clothed in immortal robes, it still is one of the home circle—an angel in their midst. Under Spirit-control I attended her funeral at the house of her father, on Monday, June 29, and was a glad witness of the efficacy of spiritual revelation, in that grief-hour of rudimental life.

An angel came and led her spirit up,
Where it might quaff from the o'erflowing cup
Of immortality, and weep no more.
Dark was his shadow, where it gathered lay,
For sorrow's mantle hid the golden ray,
That hope reflected from the scorch above.

But grief subdued, an angel whisper beard,
And weeping hearts caught up the joyful word—
The lost is found! the missing one is here!
The shadow fled, and Mercy's Angel—Dawn!
Turned back to day, with Dove's celestial breath.
From sorrow's check the tributary tear.

H. F. WIGTS.

As a Convention is proposed for the consideration of the "Cause and Cure of Crime." A very worthy subject. We shall give the prospectus as soon as arrangements are completed.

Do not ridicule a thing because you do not happen to understand it. Your own ignorance may be the only ridiculous thing, all the while.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL DEPARTMENT.

THE TEACHINGS OF SCIENCE.

COMPARED WITH THE BIBLE HISTORY OF CREATION.
NUMBER THREE.

As my effort in this will be to show that the reference to the seventh day, and to the breathing into man's nostrils the breath of life, etc., as contained in the Genesis history of creation, has been heretofore misapprehended, it seems best that I should state as definitely as I can what I suppose to be the true meaning thereof, and then proceed to submit my reasons for the suggested interpretation to the consideration of my readers. I understand the term "Seventh day" to describe that period of time in earth's history, which began at the termination of the ages which constituted collectively the preceding period of time, during which the process of creating the animal kingdom of nature, including man, and perfecting the same, was consummated, termed in the record "the Sixth Day;" and that this dividing period of time occurred when the kingdom of man, as a form of animal life, reached that perfected point of development and culmination through which, under law, occurred an union of immortal, divine or soul essence, and life with perfected, mortal, natural or animal life, whereby this latter attained perpetuity of being as an individualized identity, and the human mortal Spirit thus became immortal.

I understand this union or inflow of immortal life or soul essence with individualized animal life entity, as constituting the event described in Genesis as breathing into man's nostrils the breath of life whereby he became "a living soul." It is apparent that if such union is essential to confer immortality on man as a production of nature, and that such union only began at some period in the past of earth's history, long after man, as a form of animal life, had been developed in nature, then it follows that generations may, and probably did, live and die on earth utterly destitute of any element inherent in them, conferring that perpetuity of being as conscious identities, which I suppose the term immortality to specifically express; and it is also possible on this hypothesis, that there may now be races of mankind on earth equally destitute thereof, and therefore only human animals.

Let us now consider the suggested interpretation of "the Seventh Day." A careful reference to Genesis will show that the writer, after giving such a detailed *expose* of the process of creation as to present the consequent division of the eternity of the past unto eras of time, then recapitulates in the form of a synopsis, the account of creation. As the researches of science are deemed to demonstrate that the varied forms of animal life, including man, were, when first developed in nature, born in an infantile condition, and only through ages were progressively refined and advanced, it follows that it was only at the termination of such ages that the history, if true, can be understood as defining the end of the Sixth Day, and declaring that thereafter God rested from all his works. Thus I submit that the teaching of Genesis is, that the duration of the Sixth day embraced ages in which man or humanity peopled the earth; and I submit that the period of time dividing this sixth era from its succeeding seventh, must be learned by considering and ascertaining when in the ages past Deity may be said to have ceased from labor. This point I propose to meet fairly, but I prefer first considering the explanation given of "the breath of life," etc.

A reference to the record will, I think, show that the term "man," described as formed from the dust of the ground, must be construed as representing the kingdom of humanity or man, and not any one person; and if thus construed, it is clear that it describes this kingdom as being thus formed in, and during, the period constituting the sixth era. Its further teaching is that it was only after this kingdom was thus formed that this breath conferring immortality was imparted unto it, and it is fairly inferable that any such impartation of a new element in the constitution of mankind would be substantially a birth of a higher kingdom in nature. Hence, if the teaching is that for ages mankind lived on earth destitute of the breath of life which confers immortality, and in the process of time the labor of creation was accomplished on the completed kingdom of natural or animal life, so as to be pronounced "very good," and then the same thus completed was elevated from its normal state of finite being as a product in nature, to the condition of perpetuity of being by an absolute endowment of a new and foreign element, (and such, it seems to me, is the teaching substantially)—then I

beg to submit that this endowment of this foreign element constitutes the event described in Genesis as breathing into his nostrils the breath of life, whereby man became a living soul. And this may be understood as having first occurred at some period of the past intermediate between man's birth on earth, and this present time.

I beg further to suggest that such period of the past, thus marked by an elevation of mankind from the finite condition of being to a perpetuity of existence, would be characterized by an exemption from creative labor thereafter, and thus constitute the inauguration of a day of rest, such as the Seventh Day is described to be.

When, then, in the past, can it be said that Deity ceased to labor? for it is truly said creation is now in the process of a progressive unfolding, and judging the future by the past, its continued progression may be assumed.

We say God is the Creator of the universe and dwells therein as its animating life or soul—that nature is a manifestation of his power and a revelation of his will; but nature is not God. Then I ask again, how can it be said that Deity, at some time in the past, ended his labor and entered on his rest, if creation is still going on and will continue to do so? Let us see if this can not be fairly met and rationally explained. The writer of Genesis was discussing especially the birth of earth as a planet, and her varied forms of organic life; and his history should be considered and judged from this stand-point. As before stated, if we seek in nature for the evidence of God's power executing his creation, we will find that what we conventionally term life is the operating force through whose action the results constituting creation are accomplished. Hence, that which we term life seems in reality to be but manifestations of his will-power individualized in material organizations; and the fact that throughout nature's domain each species and genus of organic life can be traced to rudimental existences, and each advanced or complex form of each kingdom is found on analysis to consist of simple or rudimental forms in combination, the inference follows that the progressive labor of Deity in consummating creation consisted in the progressive advance of his thus individualized will-power from lower to higher, and eventually to ultimate and perfected form.

Then what is this ultimate to which life seems thus to be inherently aspiring and laboring? Science answers the human form, body, or man. But I beg respectfully to submit that we have data for assuming that the form of the human body is far more perfected now than in the infancy of mankind on earth; and I beg further to submit that the human body has also its ultimate in the perfected human brain. On this hypothesis it is plain that life or will-power of Deity, when during the sixth era or day it had evolved in nature the birth of the human form or man, would still be involved in continued labor in refining and perfecting this kingdom of form, and only when it had completed this kingdom by a development of perfected brain-form as the ultimate of the human body could it be said to have finished its labor, or its creation be pronounced "very good." Hence, only then can it be said that Deity or God rested from his labor, and then it could be truly so said because there was no form of organization beyond such perfected ultimate to be unfolded in nature. If, then, we can admit that this finished perfected form of man was the ultimate and end for which creation was instituted, and that its purpose was that there might be an organized temple adapted for the emanations of Deity to dwell in as immortal and conscious souls and entities, it will follow that the inflow of immortal life, or love's emanations into such organized and perfected entities, would, by virtue of love's inherent nature, confer on such organized entities a perpetuity of being, and thus conferring immortality, would give thereafter to such entities of Deity an exemption from labor, or an eternal rest.

Thus I submit that the Genesis record is to be construed as teaching that man, as a product of nature, is but a form of animal and finite life—that this former kingdom of nature was only perfected after generations of men had lived and died on earth—that the period of this gradual perfecting was a part of the Sixth Day or era—that only after it was so perfected was immortality conferred on mankind, and that the conferring of this consisted in the union or inflow of immortal life as a personalized soul into the natural life or animal man as an external organized entity, and represented in Genesis as a breathing of the breath of life, etc.

I think this theory of creation can be harmonized with the

conspicuous fact, that in no one of the many ministrations of pure and wise angels recorded in the Jewish Bible, is it said that man was told he had an immortality; and I confess I am unable to reconcile this omission with their reputed wisdom and benevolence. If they knew man was then but a form of mortal and animal life, and therefore subject only to rewards and penalties in his earth-life, I can easily realize the reason for both their omission and their general teachings. But it is to the recorded teachings of Jesus I desire to appeal for support of my views, and to them I will invite attention in my next.

ARE CONVENTIONS USEFUL?

MR. PARTRIDGE:

Dear Sir—I have several times been upon the point of taking up my pen to send you some commendatory notice of the "Spiritual Lyceum and Conference," the reports of whose proceedings weekly adorn and give attraction to the columns of the TELEGRAPH. But hitherto I have been hindered by a chronic laziness, which has at length been overcome by the subject discussed at the session given in your issue of the 10th inst., to wit: the question relating to the utility of free conventions, spiritualistic or otherwise. That great damage results to the cause of Spiritualism from these conventions, seems to my mind indisputable. It makes it responsible for all the vagaries and eccentricities of a restless and undisciplined race of so-called reformers, who infest society, and distract it with their impracticable theories. I say *impracticable*, because, however good in the abstract some of their ideas may be, they are not adapted to the present character and conditions of humanity. We are not yet prepared for their exemplification, and God only knows when we shall be; not certainly before human nature has suffered a radical change in all its essential characteristics. And it is this human nature, rather than any form of social or political order, that stands in the way. That very selfishness with which these theorists contend, is the main-spring of human activity, and the agent of national and individual prosperity. To declare war against it is only to invite ridicule and arm people in opposition. The cause of humanity has never been advanced by such means. It never can be.

Now Spiritualism I hold to be the forerunner of rational reform; the only preparative for the reception of humanitarian doctrine. But Spiritualism addresses itself to the individual, and not to the masses. It can only lighten the whole lump, as it penetrates and pervades every particle, according to a steady, uniform law of progression. First, it concerns the individual soul; then the individual well-being in the body; then the family; then the social relations; and lastly the State. But it must do its work according to this order. It must not, in its anxiety to do good, overleap the bounds of discretion, and thus jeopard the great interests it has in view by aiming at impossibilities. It can not do everything, although it may be the beginning—the spring of all that is desirable. We who have Spiritualism in our charge, are intrusted with the most precious of treasures; and duties of too sacred and solemn a character are imposed upon us, to permit us to turn aside in chase of every *ignis fatuus* that rises upon the dark horizon of our times. Let us devote all our powers to this great work, for it needs them, and can give them profitable exercises, and bless them with permanent results. The day has not yet come for conventions. Let us confine ourselves to those conferences in which men of well-regulated minds and enlightened views may throw light upon the obscurer points of doctrine in grave but familiar discourse, and thus by their moderation and wisdom attract the attention and win the confidence of other judicious minds. By this means the spread of our doctrines will be swifter, if less speedy. We must, in this respect, imitate the discretion of Jesus, and leave outside matters to outsiders. Unless we do this, we shall disgust the reflecting, and inflame the passions of the unthinking. Let the TELEGRAPH be a spiritual telegraph, and not an omnium gathering of all the wild speculations of immature and fanatical coteries.

I lay down the proposition with entire and undoubting confidence in its truth, that none of the so-called reforms discussed at the Rutland Convention can ever have a permanent or general success. The very reformers themselves exhibit in their own characters the greatest impediments to such success. Legislative and social relaxations can do nothing to forward such reforms, for they can not be sustained by the people they would assist. Such people are not ready for them. They may desire them.

But the desire is not enough. We must learn, sooner or later, that not only States, but societies exist by virtue of compromises; that our present earth-life is a *rudimentary* state, and, as a consequence, a state of conflict and suffering; and that the Spirit, and not the external life, is the main-spring of action, and the essence of all possible goodness. I believe that slavery is a great wrong; that intemperance is an evil; that we are let and hindered by unjust laws; that selfishness and oppression rule in our land, and in a thousand other evils; but I see no cure for them in these noisy conventions. And even were the cure applied, the remedy would work more evil than the disease. But whether practicable or impracticable, they can not help, while they greatly injure, the cause of Spiritualism. Let us avoid them, and leave them to those who are more immediately concerned in them.

If those remarks should appear dictatorial, attribute that fault to my earnestness for the success of the greatest, holiest, and most elevating of all causes—*SPIRITUALISM*; and believe me to be your constant reader and admirer.

SPIRITUALISM IN ILLINOIS.

POPE MILLS, MERCER CO., ILL., July 1, 1858.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

Although a novice in the art of writing, I have concluded to respond to your invitation to correspondents, by giving you a brief account of spiritual affairs in this part of the Sucker State; which, if of sufficient importance, you may publish.

Spiritualism has but few friends here, and a host of foes, ever ready to give it battle; and as we are almost entirely destitute of communication with the world of Spirits, and consequently dependent on the TELEGRAPH and kindred publications for our knowledge of the movement, you will readily perceive that rapid progress has been out of the question. In this state of spiritual darkness, we have lived for years, catching occasional gleams of starlight from the eastern horizon; and had it not been for Mrs. Britt, of St. Louis, we might still be snoring our lives contentedly away, or groping after *fire-flies* and *glow-worms*. But to her overlasting honor, be it said, she brought us a real flash of living sunlight; which, though it proved so bright as to scorch some of the most benighted ones (the Editor of the *Keithsburg Observer* in particular), was welcomed with delight by all friends of truth; and now, if you could only manage to send us some of those rays of spiritual light so graphically represented in the vignette of the TELEGRAPH, softened so as not to be fatal to *weak eyes*, and yet warm enough to permanently dispel the chilly gloom that hangs round our earthly existence, and thus nurture the germ of Spiritualism which Mrs. B. has planted, with the elements necessary to its future growth and development, you would place us under the most lasting of obligations.

And now, seriously, Mr. Editor, couldn't some of your "Conferences" or "Circles" get up a delegation of Spirits, and send them out, to give us a regular waking up? If you can, they will be received with the greatest of pleasure and respect. But to return to Mrs. B. This lady—the first lecturer on the Harmonical Philosophy that has ever condescended to visit our part of the country, commenced a course of lectures in Keithsburg, on Tuesday evening, June 8, finishing on Sunday evening, and although but few attended the delivery of the first two or three discourses, her eloquent and masterly exposition of the truths of Spiritualism soon created an excitement, and on Sunday the spacious hall she occupied was filled with a crowd of anxious and attentive listeners. This fact of itself is sufficient to establish Mrs. B.'s claims as an orator; for the town of Keithsburg, wide awake as it is in some respects, is proverbially indifferent to spiritual affairs. From Keithsburg she went to New Boston, a few miles distant, where she was cordially received, and drew crowded houses throughout her entire course.

Mrs. B. then went to Alton, the county seat of this (Mercer) county—a new town of some two years' growth. There she engaged the Seminary building, and commenced her labors; but the orthodox owners of the concern, becoming alarmed, determined to put a stop to the lecturing, if possible; and getting up a protracted or quarterly meeting for the occasion, informed her that she could not have the house any longer. Some of the friends then procured the Masonic Hall, and one lecture was delivered in it; but by this time the liberal-minded, public-spirited individual who had the care of the Hall, concluded that it was his duty to do all that lay in his power to put a stop to such diabolical proceedings, and accordingly locked the door

and left. As a last alternative, the course of lectures was finished in a small frame building, capable of holding about fifty persons; but in spite of orthodox denunciations, many come to hear—and on Sunday, although the sun shone with almost melting power, the audience outside exceeded in numbers those who were fortunate enough to gain admittance to the house. If standing in the sun for three hours, when the mercury approximated 100, is not an evidence of interest, I do not know what is.

Yours truly,

THEODORE GLANCEY.

THE RUTLAND CONVENTION.

MR. EDITOR:

July — 1858.

As you are aware, I attended the Rutland Convention, expecting that as the call seemed so broad and free for all kinds of reforms and reformers, my speciality would have a hearing among the rest. Especially had I good reason to believe that as Spiritualists seemed to form so large a portion of the active element in the Convention, they would think of their good friends, the Indians.

I mean the Indians in the Spirit-land, who, it is well known, are so prominently active in works of mercy, through mediums, by their magnetic power dispersing the torpid humors, and vivifying the nervous system; and thus restoring the sick to health, and causing the lame to leap for joy.

It was in behalf of the friends and relatives of these Indians who are still in the form, that I had hoped to have seen some interest more manifestly apparent. Aside from this consideration, the wrongs and aggressions to which they are at present subject is an appeal to every lover of justice to speak and to act in their behalf. After great perseverance I succeeded in reading a preamble and resolutions to the following effect:

Whereas oppression and war are as incompatible with a true civilization as they are with a true Christianity; and whereas, it is by these agencies that the Aborigines of this continent are being destroyed.

Therefore resolved, that it is not "destiny," but the prevalence of an erroneous sentiment, before which the Indians perish.

Resolved, That it is incumbent upon reformers, and Spiritualists in particular, to reverse this common sentiment, and to affirm that the Indians have as much right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" as any other people.

I had just ten minutes to speak to the above, but as the subject was outside of the programme of the business committee, no notice was taken of the resolutions by the reporters.

Now, Mr. Editor, I submit to the readers of the TELEGRAPH whether the above is not of as much importance as anything in the same compass that was brought before the Convention.

Millions are annually spent in the annihilation of the Indians, and correspondingly in the annihilation of the morals of the nation, one hundredth part of which, if rightly employed, would insure peace and the upward progress of both races. And yet notwithstanding the existence of such a mighty wrong, two Simon-pure champions—one for Spiritualism, the other for the immaculate inspiration of the Bible—purposefully crowded the advocacy of this subject from hearing by occupying the time of the Convention with hours of useless disputation about obsolete theories and Hebrew and Greek, about which nobody present cared to know how learned they were. I mention this that our zealous friends who so earnestly contend for the truth may, in future, when they have an opportunity of doing so much good, do that first which first needs doing.

I think the theological battle so valiantly fought (and for ought I know) won by brother Tiffany, will afford him no laurels upon which his moral nature can delight to contemplate when he reflects how much more nobly he might have fought and won for *humanity's cause*.

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, strange, passing strange, that our wise men—our benevolent men even—should think to reform the nation, while at the same time they tacitly agree to, and seemingly approve of, a national crime of such a magnitude as the deliberate robbery and murder of a race whom honor and humanity demand that we should protect and save.

Yours truly,

JOHN BEESON.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

BY E. K. GIBSON.

History furnishes the present with the thoughts of the past. Memory in the present can not revert to the far-off scenes of ages by-gone. The records of olden times bear ample testimony of spiritual converse with the higher spheres. Those records give an impartial account of transactions which occurred beneath the eye of many witnesses, and are thus supported by the evidence of the senses. They are corroborated in a variety of ways, which is substantial proof that such manifestations oc-

curred. Those manifestations are fraught with interest as a matter of history, aside from the importance attached to them as a revelation from a higher sphere. These interesting facts are by no means unusual or unphilosophical when viewed by the light of wisdom in the present. In the past they are clothed with mystery and shrouded in the darkness of uncertain signification; but the present strips from their face the veil of ignorance, and presents them anew to the world in a reflected light borrowed from the mists of the past.

The mind has illuminated itself through the accumulated light which it has gained through all the various shades of its former histories and perceptions. The medium of to-day is but an enlightened medium of the past, knowing that the former revelations were made originally through the same demonstrable means as those which are made to him in the present. He is subject to the same laws, and is governed by the same principles which controlled the medium mind of ancient record. The Lord spake formerly as he speaketh now, in divers ways and by divers means. The great truths of existence are but feebly set forth in the past, and the present manifestation is designed to elucidate those principles which have been in operation eternally, but which have been unknown, misconceived and misapplied.

Truth has been given, but the manner of its presentation has not been understood. It has been crucified and rendered subservient to interests of minor importance, while its real worth has been obscured and lost. Past conceptions of spiritual operations have been so enfolded within the curtain of mysticism, that the truths of those conceptions have been concealed. The inmost mind has not been conveyed to the external plane of thought so as to render it perceptible to the exterior. The burning truths which have been realized by a few have remained pent up within their own bosoms, for the want of power to transmit them to the many. The expositions of the learned can not be understood by the ignorant only as they have become developed to their plane of understanding. So in the mediumistic sphere. Formerly mediums were few and far between; hence in attempting to make themselves understood, they failed for lack of appreciation in those who were their inferiors. Their thought could not be read by those who were removed at a great distance from them in the scale of progression. Universal mediumship will obviate this difficulty. The insight will be so acute that the spirit of an individual will perceive the spirit of another individual, and consequently the two will require no explanation in language, of their ideas.

Thus will differences of opinion melt away in one common appreciation of universal thought, and mind will triumph over all uncharitableness, and unreasonableness in disputations upon subjects of every kind.

AUGUSTA, ME., July 13, 1858.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE.

BY A. W. BOSTWICK.

Deep in the forest glade,
Under the walnut shade
Sleeps the proud chieftain alone.
Rankly the verdant blade
Grows o'er his dusky head:
Soft is his requiem moan.
Gently the waving trees,
Touched by the passing breeze,
Tune their low harps for his rest;
And the wild pimpernel,
And the blue-mountain-bell,
Weep on his moldering breast.
When from her icy chain,
Forth the spring comes again,
Gladly she kneels by his grave:
And the sweet summer hours,
Steeped in the breath of flowers,
Watch by the couch of the brave.
Sadly the autumn leaves
Gather in yellow sheaves,
Sweeping the grass with their moan;
Where in the forest deep,
Wrapped in the "folds of sleep,"
Rests the proud chieftain alone.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—The *Albion* of Liege states a curious circumstance:

Pieces of ground situated between the Rue Bertholet and the Basin du Commerce, in that city, have for some time past been calcined and heated to a certain depth, whilst no vegetation could thrive on them, and the wine and other things placed in the cellars of houses became spoiled. The causes of this phenomenon, though frequently sought for, could not be disclosed. A few days ago an extraordinary event occurred; some men on removing the stone covering of a well on the Quay D'Avroy, and bringing a lamp to it, saw to their astonishment a blue flame arise and burn for some time. It is thus evident the ground is impregnated with gas.



"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1858.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE PARA PAPERS, ON FRANCE, EGYPT AND ETHIOPIA.

BY J. A. WEISSE, M.D.

This book is from the pen of the great American traveler, George Leighton Ditson, author of "Circassia, or a Tour to the Caucasus, Crimea," &c. America may well be proud of such a man as Mr. Ditson. Hear him converse with a sava, and you think he is a sava; hear him talk with a dragoman, and you believe he is a dragoman. Read his ideas on a building, and you think him an architect; accompany him to an historical spot, and you are at once initiated into all the events that transpired there, and the personages that figured in them. This is not all: Ditson's style is as warm, inspiring and elevating as it is instructive. He seems to have a childlike simplicity, and a mind that soars over history as an eagle over hill and plain: a soul that believes in immortality, an intellect that grasps time and eternity, and a spirit that knows neither beginning, middle nor end. His descriptions are unusually graphic, and his delineations of character keen and pointed.

Mr. Ditson seems to be above nationality and country; the earth is his home. He takes Virgil's motto, "*Ubi bene ibi patria*;" wherever we are happy, there is our country.

To give the reader an idea of this interesting volume, we shall quote some passages. The work begins thus:

"There is," said a gentle, beguiling spirit, which accompanies us, "like the memory of our mother's songs," in our ramblings over the earth, which is supposed to woo and entice us by a kind of soft silvery silence, into deep, damp, dangerous caverns and dreary solitudes; to call to us in the breeze, beckon from mountain tops and whisper from the waters that sparkle seaward; and there have been some sage dames and old seers who gravely affirmed, that he who once inclines an ear to its tender tones, wanders thenceforth hither and thither, happy though homeless. The Tartar believes that he who sees the shadowy form of this white-robed messenger becomes insane, though he is never afterwards sorrowful; (in this there is some food for thought for the voyager); and it is a singular fact that the Arabs have, by the way of a parrot of the kind, concerning a beautiful figure which hovers in moonlight sights round one of the pyramids of Gizeh. The Red-man of the forest seems almost conscious of its presence, dreads its malign influence and essays to drive it away with clamorous shouts, while the Hindoo, the Arabian, the Armenian and others, wear amulets about their persons to preserve them from its unseen force: which often comes "in questionable shape" indeed, to mar their mirth. All the nations of antiquity had their good and evil genii. The genii of the Romans were not unlike, if not the same, as the 'demons' of the Greeks. Each Roman had his own particular 'genius,' or spiritual friend, to accompany him through this life and to introduce him to the next. 'Thy genius,' said an Egyptian conjuror to Antony, 'stands in awe of his (Octavius).' Though great by nature and courageous, yet, as often as he approaches the 'genius' of that young man, he shrinks and becomes small and cowardly.' It was natural for the Jews to fear—and they had good reason—the evil of Gehenna; the Northmen, the dwellers of Padoon: happier they who are the favorites of the Frei who floats in the shining garments of Spring, and loves the musicians of the air, who sing on the northern mountains of Haimakutha!

"Some of my friends may possibly fancy, that I have seen this white-robed spirit, or lent an ear at least, to its tender tones. Be it so!—I take again by the hand my child Hope, and like poor Hagar depart for the Desert."

It ends thus:

"But in this 'farewell' to friends, there is ever, to me, something solemn. When the last warm-pressure of the hand is loosened, my thoughts instinctively turn to the Great Future. 'Shall I not meet them 'neath the wings of Iria in the Land of Light?' I ask myself; and ere the words have died away within my heart, there comes an echo from the far-off shores that gives me hope. And if to pass the Arch-Asian Lake and gain the Elysian Fields, and join the gentle shades of loved ones there, one must be a lowly trusting child, an infant Homer, winged at the portal for a higher flight, a brighter day, over God's earth, all of which is holy ground—in spirit will humbly walk, and with unsaddled feet, go forth to meet the Shadowy Messenger."

Now listen to his laconic history of Malta:

"Though Malta has been in possession of the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths and Saracens, the culminating point of her glory is, when she was owned by the Knights of Saint-John. This military-religious Order was established at the time when crusades to the Holy Land first began to be in vogue. It soon received large contributions from all the civilized world, and by the firmness, union and courage of its members, maintained itself in Palestine, against Saracen and Turk, till 1191. Driven then from the proper theater of their labors, the knights conquered Cyprus, which, from its proximity to the country they had just lost, was strategically of great importance to them. But as their enemies were too numerous, they were forced to retreat to Rhodes. This island they strongly fortified, and adorned with elegant mansions, whose facades still bear the emblems of their former noble occupants. In 1522, they were driven out of the island by a vast armada, and a year afterward, were gathered

ed by Charles V. who presented them with the Island of Malta, on condition of active hostilities against the infidels. Here, for near three hundred years, they battled with the Turks; repelling assaults with unparalleled bravery, and making naval expeditions that were as splendid as triumphs. In 1798, the Knights of Saint John, as an Order, ceased to exist. Napoleon, without a blow, took possession of their stronghold in a manner explained by a French general, who, when he saw what they would have had to overcome if the knights had resisted, exclaimed: "*Il est bien heureux qu'il se soit trouvé quelqu'un là dedans pour nous ouvrir les portes, car nous n'y serions jamais entrés sans le secourir!*" (It is fortunate there was some one within to open the gates, for we never should have got in alone.)

Now he addresses the reader from the top of the great pyramid: "The pyramid on which you stand hailed the morning over the Arabian hills, when, if we may believe our able chronologists, the garments of the great earth were still dripping with the waters of the flood. It looked toward the four quarters of the globe, long before any kingdom began to grow in Greece; before Ninus had given to the Assyrian empire a name; when Belus, the first sovereign of Babylon, was but a baby, and Fohi had hardly found dry land! Can one really grasp the ideas, that at so early a period, a structure, exceeding in dimension any other ever reared by human hands, built with a cost and with a costly skill that startle the most acute and scientific of the present day, could rise from the African rocks? Whence came that familiar knowledge, that readiness and dexterity to measure, to cut, to transport and then to lay triumphantly in the air these vast Cyclopean stones? Who taught the builders to give to its form those perfect lines by which to mark the movement of the stars, and make even its shadows an astronomic chart? But more than all; where did they learn that strange and still mysterious difference between the true and the magnetic north?"

Speaking of the Great Sphinx, he thus closes:

"When I took my last gaze at her, I fancied her the personification of Time—Time sent out from the portals of Infinity to stride over the earth with her burden of desolation, but, seeing the appalling work she had to do, stopped, and in the moment of contemplation, became petrified upon the plain; and now, as though no longer meditative of her mission, in her 'strange mysterious beauty,' sublime, awful, mystic stillness, she looks away over the great earth, toward the boundaries of her home, and awaits with conscious rectitude of purpose, the unfolding of the gates of Eternity."

Heir him describe Avignon:

"Avignon is built on the side of a hill, crowned by the imposing palace of the Popes, and the Cathedral of *Notre-Dame des Doms*. Its streets are narrow and tortuous, its houses of the style of the middle ages, its general air, that of a town whose glory was of times gone by."

"I had made long journeys to hundreds of other places out of mere curiosity, but I felt this to be a kind of pilgrimage of the heart. On my arrival, I was first attracted, it is true, to the papal chateau by its immensity, its massiveness, the majestic height of its walls, by the fact that it had once been the prison of Rienzi; and—as the horrible has also its fascinations—because the hall of torture of the inquisition was there; the pit into which sixty human beings were thrown to suffocate, and the chamber blown up by the papal legate to destroy his guests."

Last, but not least, hear his dry and witty conversation with the dragoman:

"Asking my dragoman something about Philæ, he told me a story from among the sacred legends of the Arabs, the substance of which I will give in few words."

"When the army of the Caliphs invaded this country, the Egyptians fled to Philæ, considering it a place of safety, on account of its being wholly surrounded by water. A priest of great piety, who accompanied the army, said to the chief: 'You need not pursue the enemy; God is on our side; I will slay them with this *goudah*!' (a small earthen water-bottle which he held in his hand). That night, he filled his *goudah* from the Nile, approached the island, mixed rose water with the water, and, by the assistance of Allah, built a mo-que. Toward morning, he ascended to the top of it, and cried out: 'God is great, and Mahomed is his prophet; come to prayer!' but as the Egyptians did not hear him, it had no effect. The next night he built another so near as to be sure that his summons could be heard across the stream, and he again, at the same hour, mounted the dome as on the previous occasion, and called on Allah, till his voice rang through the tented island. 'Our enemies are upon us!' cried the Egyptians, as they started from sleep; so, fearing to fall into the hands of the cruel barbarians, as they called the invaders, they slew one another and themselves, till not a single Egyptian was left to fight against the 'faithful.'"

"I replied that we had also in our sacred book several stories equally remarkable (Judges 15: 15; Joshua 6: 5); that one had its origin at a place (Jericho) which I was soon to visit. I then related to him how seven Jericho once blew rams' horns about a city wall, till it 'fell down flat,' and allowed the enemy to march in without difficulty, and slay all the inhabitants, 'young and old, men and women.' A smile of incredulity passed over his molasses-colored visage, as there probably had over mine at his recital; and when I remembered that my narrative came from those whom the Scriptures call, if I am not mistaken, 'the children of the devil' (John 8: 44), I thought that perhaps he had reason to be skeptical."

Such is the style and tone of this instructive and amusing book. Its beginning, middle and end breathe philanthropy founded on learning. When we peruse such pages, we can not help realizing that modern Spiritualism has become a positive and moving power in the world: it navigates not only the Hudson and Mississippi, but also the Rhone and the Nile; it speaks not only from the Rocky Mountains, but also from the Caucasus and the Pyramids.

The size of the book is English octavo, 496 pages. Price \$1 50, postage 20 cents. We will furnish it to whoever favors us with their orders.

The Road to Spiritualism.

Being a series of four Lectures delivered at the opening of the New York Lyceum, by Dr. R. T. Hallock. Price 18 cents: postage 3 cents.

The Worker and his Work.

A Discourse delivered before the New York Christian Union, July 13, by Dr. R. T. Hallock. Price 6 cents. These two works of Dr. Hallock will be sent, postage, paid by mail, for 25 cents. It is hoped that our spiritual friends will give these works a wide circulation, as they are especially adapted to meet the objections of skeptical minds.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE MACHINE.

Mr. John Ryerson, of Chicago, Ill., has brought to this city a machine constructed by Spirit dictation, for the purpose of illustrating the formation and unfolding of the earth, and the mineral, vegetable, animal, human, and spiritual kingdoms. The history of the construction is somewhat singular. Mr. Ryerson and his wife are members of the Baptist Church, and partook strongly of the church prejudice against modern spiritual manifestations. During the year 1853 Mr. R. was called away from home, and was absent some six weeks. During this time the Spirits entered his domicile, and developed one of his daughters as a medium, and through her kept the family informed of his whereabouts, and of his business transactions. When he returned home the family informed him of this fact, against which he remonstrated strongly. Notwithstanding the fact that the communications were highly moral, instructive and truthful, so far as they related to him and his business, he believed there could no good come from spiritual intercourse, and that if they were Spirits at all, they were evil. But they were in his own family and they would manifest themselves and be heard, and he was obliged to give them some attention.

The more familiar he became with them the less prejudice he had; but still he thought the manifestations disorderly. In talking about the matter to his wife on one occasion, he said—"If I could find in the Bible that Spirits ever communicated with or manifested themselves to mortals, or that they ever would do so, my mind would be more at ease about it." The Spirit immediately entranced his wife, and referred him to numerous records of similar manifestations in the Bible, among which was the narration of Gideon's skepticism, and the proofs furnished by the dew falling on the ground and not on the fleece, then on the fleece and not on the ground, and to Thomas' skepticism and the demonstrations to him. Finally, he found the Spirit turning the Bible into proofs against him, and he said to it, we will let the Scriptures go; and now I want evidence that Spirits exist at all.

To which the Spirit replied, "that the whole earth-developments are but a continuous illustration of the origin and destiny of man as a progressive being." Mr. R. said, "yes, according to Andrew Jackson Davis' theory, of which I do not believe a word. The Bible is my guide, and it tells me that *God created man*." "True," said the Spirit; "but you do not understand in what manner God created man; and in order to enlighten your mind, and bring the subject to the comprehension of other minds like yours, if you will give me your attention, and follow the directions we will give you through this medium, we will construct a machine illustrative of the subject, in harmony with the Bible when properly understood." Mr. R.'s skepticism yielded to his curiosity, and the work was commenced, and the machine was constructed.

This machine was exhibited before the Spiritual Lyceum, at Clinton Hall, last Sunday, and it elicited remarks from many persons, and a Committee consisting of A. J. Davis, F. W. Hunt and Charles Partridge, was constituted to take charge of the machine, and inquire into its history and examine it, and see whether its significance accords with Nature, etc., and to make a report at some future meeting.

Warning by Breaking Glass.

It is a traditional "Superstition" that when an article of household glass-ware mysteriously flies to pieces while no one is touching it, and no physical cause can be assigned for the phenomenon, it betokens the approaching death of some one nearly connected with the family. However this may be, we mention the following singular incident, and the realization of the forebodings which it caused. A lady friend of the writer informs him that her brother-in-law, while on his way home from church in the country, stopped and dined at the house of a friend and relative. While the party were at dinner, a glass tumbler, perfectly sound, that was standing with other tumblers, on a neighboring shelf, and with no one touching it, flew into a thousand pieces. The party were startled and alarmed; and after endeavoring in vain to account for the occurrence on natural principles, concluded that it might be a warning of some approaching sorrowful event in the future. To these forebodings there was at least this remarkable coincidence, that our friend's brother-in-law, after returning home, was taken with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs, and in a few days died. Might not the power which moves tables have smashed the tumbler as a token which it knew

TRUE PRINCIPLES OF REFORM.

We heartily commend the principles inculcated and practiced by Mr. Nichols, as set forth in the following statement, to all persons having charge of prisons or institutions of reform. There is no chain which binds the turbulent spirit so strongly as that of love and practical kindness. The erring need to know that somebody cares for them—indeed, that there is a heart that feels for their misfortune, and is cheerful to bear their burden. Such an one they will honor and obey. And yet how rare it is that a truly humane person is placed at the head of reform institutions! Much of the efficiency of reform movements is nullified by impractical managers. A great mistake is made in appointing theoretical instead of practical reformers in institutions devoted to that purpose. The erring need active human sympathies rather than cold theories. The popular theory of human redemption we conceive to be all wrong. Man may be restrained, but never redeemed, by punishment. Love and practical charities and kindnesses only can inspire reform and righteous endeavors in the erring:

In November, 1855, a school was opened in Chicago for destitute and criminal children, by the Common Council of the city, and under charge of Rev. D. B. Nichols.

The great principles of Mr. Nichols's management are an appeal to and a confidence in the *sense of honor* among the boys, and a fatherly kindness on his part, even to the extreme of bearing their penalties for them. The actions of Mr. Nichols in this last matter seem almost incredible. A leading vagabond boy is brought to the school, sentenced for stealing from a market woman. He finds school lessons and the workshops, and the high fence, after his free life, rather confining. He proceeds, incontinently, to break the windows, and to knock some of the small boys' heads. The boy police arrest him and shut him up in a room. He is sentenced to bread and water for a week. The first meal is brought to him of these plain materials, but after this he finds that he is served with good food—better, perhaps, than he has ever eaten before. He is surprised at this, and asks the reason. The janitor replies that "Mr. Nichols has done it," that he has taken the bread and water for his own meal and given the boy his dinner. The boy is still more surprised, and thinks it is a very good dodge; and we can imagine him, with the knowing smirk of a street boy as he eats the comfortable dinner, saying he hopes he may have a good deal more of such bread and water. The same thing is repeated the next day, and the lad asks more questions about it; he begins to have misgivings but still he manages to keep himself comfortable. On the third day perhaps, as this silence continues (Mr. Nichols never appearing in the meantime), some glimmerings begin to dawn on the poor lad's mind of what has been done toward him. He has been, perhaps, from his earliest years, an outcast of the streets, kicked and cuffed and cheated, and he can hardly even understand the idea of disinterested goodness. No one has ever treated him kindly; no one has ever loved him, and now to have this done to him by the man he had most injured and insulted, is something very strange to him. His pride rebels against receiving these favors; he refuses to eat these plentiful dinners; he wonders within himself what that can be which makes a man thus willing to bear the punishment of others. There enters into his mind, it may be, a glimmering of the light of unselfish love. His heart is softened. He refuses to eat, and begs to see this man who is thus patiently taking on himself the burden of his transgressions. Mr. Nichols at length comes in and talks with the boy, and tells him what he is trying to do and what prompts him to do it; what the boy can become, and what a way there is open before him if he will only choose it. The lad is penitent, and henceforth the school has a new friend and faithful officer in it. Trust is reposed in him, and it may be at length he commences a new and reformed life.

Such instances we are assured, strange as they may seem, are constantly occurring. The boys are said to love "the old man," as they call him, like a father.

With regard to the principles of honor, Mr. Nichols reposes confidence in the boys by placing them in situations of trust in the institution. One lad has charge of the bakery, another of the dormitories, another of the shoe-shop, and another of the hospital. More than forty have been trusted to go alone to the city, and to remain from Saturday till Monday morning, and of these not one has ever betrayed his trust. Yet these were the little, thieves, and vagabonds, and loafers of the city, as reckless and ungoverned as our own street boys.

There are in the school, as stimulus to their love of honor, five grades of honor, and five of disgrace. These are accompanied each with certain privileges or deprivations, as, for instance, particular kinds of food, places at the table, badges, privilege of visiting the city, and the like, so that the lads constantly find themselves divided into distinct ranks and classes. They become very ambitious of attaining certain honors, and feel very much mortified when they lose them. There is a kind of esprit du corps among them in the different classes.

The practical results of this whole system are most encouraging. It is well known that in similar institutions here a very large proportion of the inmates are constantly running away, if they have the opportunity. And if they are in the House of Refuge under strictly penal arrangements—as is generally the case—the effects on their characters are often only those of a well-managed prison. The whole number of escapes out of this Reform-School during the last year were only seven, from nearly two hundred members. Many of the boys came permanently attached to Mr. Nichols and the institution, and, we doubt not, will look up through all their future life to the Superintendent almost as to a father.

THE RUTLAND CONVENTION AND ITS REPORTERS.

Mr. John Landou, of Rutland, Vt., has written a letter to the editor of the New York Tribune, in which he rather soundly belabors the reporters of the proceedings of the late Convention of "Reformers" at that place. He represents their reports as one-sided and virtually false, in that they suppress those features of the proceedings which would, if fairly set forth, cause the Convention to be regarded in a far more favorable light by the public. He intimates that an authorized report of the proceed-

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We have barely time to notice the reception of Mr. Harris' new book, "Arcana of Christianity: an Unfolding of the Celestial Sense of the Divine Word." It was not received until we were preparing to go to press, and as yet we have been able to give it but a cursory examination. It is an octavo volume of 496 pages, and is a record of perceptions, impressions and visions received by Mr. H. in his entranced states. We perceive, in glancing through its pages, that it contains much curious and interesting matter, much that is highly suggestive to the reflecting mind, and much that will excite criticism and opposition from certain quarters. We shall give a more extended notice of the book, and probably some extracts, in a future issue. It is published by the New Church Publishing Association, 447 Broome street, and for sale at this office. Price, with appendix, \$1 75; without appendix, \$1 50.

We have also received from the publishers, Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann-street, a new novel, entitled "A Poor Fellow," by the author of "Which: the Right or the Left?" It shall be farther noticed as soon as we find time to read it.

A New Free-Love Movement.

For a few Sundays past, the free-lovers of New-York and vicinity have been holding meetings in a grove in New Jersey, a few miles above this city, for the purpose of maturing a plan for emigration to some one of the South Pacific Isles, and there founding a colony. It appears that the prominent man among them, and so far as we can learn, the principal leader of the whole movement, is E. S. Tyler, who has rendered himself somewhat unenviably notorious by his practical operations in the free-love line. It is proposed to purchase a ship, store it with provisions, and be ready for sailing sometime next fall. Proceeding to the South Pacific Ocean, it is proposed to cruise among the Islands until a suitable place is found, and then to debark and establish the nation, in whose laws marriage shall be entirely ignored, and the sexes shall live together according to their own inclinations.

Taking one view of the subject, we could wish that all persons who advocate principles of this kind might find some safe conveyance from our midst to some locality at which their influence would be confined within themselves; yet, viewing the matter in another light, we can not be so cruel as to wish them success in a project which would remove the innocently deluded ones among them (if such there be) from all possibility of rectifying the ruinous mistake into which we think they have fallen.

THE ANALYSIS OF THE LEARNED HIGGINS.

We are glad to learn that this rare work has been examined by one of our patrons, and is appreciated. We were not aware that there had been a copy in this country other than the one we procured, after a long search, in England, at the cost of \$36. Those who would like to have the work republished in this country, will please lose no time in giving it the requisite encouragement, by sending to the Proprietor of this paper their order for a copy at \$12. Provided a sufficient number of orders are received on those terms, to warrant the enterprise, it will be proceeded with.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, ESQ.

NEW YORK, July 10, 1858.

Dear Sir—I am highly gratified at your proposal to republish "ANALYTICUS" at the moderate price of \$12, and you will please include my name among your subscribers therefor. It is a noble enterprise, and one that will doubtless be fraught with more benefit to humanity than any other meritorious labor you could perform.

About twelve years since I became first apprised of the existence of this most important of all works in elucidation of the obscure and almost hidden subjects on which it treats. The only copy then known to exist in our country was in possession of the Appletons—price \$25—and a most worthy friend and unceasing investigator for truth, Mr. G. W. Washington (now an ardent Spiritualist), and myself, agitated the subject of its republication, the expense of which we ascertained would be \$2,000.

Spiritualism had not then unfurled its glorious and vivifying banner, and although numbers of learned men inspected this great and comprehensive work, whose dissemination would shed more light and truth on the minds of men in regard to ancient religious mysteries and ceremonies than all other publications we possessed, there were none found among the learned sectarians of that day who possessed courage and the love of truth to a sufficient degree to dare urge the republication and wide dissemination of the transcendent truths and vivifying light which the perusal of its all-potent pages was calculated to impart to darkened and deluded humanity.

How gratifying it is now to know that the present is the portentous era when the prominent characteristics of Spiritualism are being demonstrated by an all-searching spirit of inquiry, and a determination to elucidate all truth and banish all error, and that it is in fact to the power of this spiritual light and influence alone that we can attribute the ushering forth of the brightening influences which the republication of this great work will avail mankind. Of this highly auspicious result we may rest assured, that it will deal the most potent blow that

THE GEORGIA CITIZEN AND SPIRITUALISM.

We noticed some weeks ago a controversy on the subject of Spiritualism, which was going on between the *Georgia Citizen*, edited by Rev. L. F. W. Andrews, and certain editors of the southern press, provoked by a statement by Mr. A. concerning some wonderful spiritual manifestations which he had witnessed. We perceive that the discussion is still being kept up, and in his issue of July 2d, Mr. A. has an article in reply to an opponent who attributes the manifestations all to the devil—from which article we make the following extract:

The five propositions contained in the the third article of the *Index* are thus stated:

1. Satan when permitted can exercise power over both mind and matter. 2d. His sphere of action (the earth) is sufficiently contiguous. 3d. The hearts of unbelievers are the centers whence his wicked devices manifest themselves. 4th. The "frequent non-sensical and immoral character of these manifestations are proof that they emanate from the emissaries of Satan." 5th. "Evil Spirits have, in some cases, permission to deceive persons who heedlessly fling themselves into the way of temptation."

Now, all these propositions may be readily admitted as true. In fact, we see no reason whatever to gainsay them. Whatever difference of opinion may be entertained as to the Bible doctrine of a personal Devil and his influence, it does not matter, so far as the question before us is concerned, and therefore no reply is necessary to be made to either of the five propositions advanced, in themselves considered.

But when the editor of the *Index* is rash enough to attribute ALL the manifestations of modern Spiritualism to Satanic influence, we are compelled to bring him "to the law and the testimony." We must judge the tree by its fruit. An evil tree can not bring forth good fruit. A corrupt fountain can not send forth pure water. In the light then of these Christian maxims let the nature of these manifestations be tested. The following are literal copies of some communications received at a circle, sitting weekly in this city, and may be relied on, as a fair sample of the messages uniformly and invariably received from the Spirit-land, and the truth of which can be attested by a cloud of intelligent and credible witnesses:

From the Spirit of a deceased Brother who was killed, to a Brother yet living

"Remember J., what I told you when I was dying, that I forgave the man that killed me, and why did you try to hurt him? He was not to blame. I tell you, my dear brother, it was the liquor that went into me that caused me to be killed. I know that D. would not have done it had he not been afraid that I would kill him. But it is past recall. I have to say to you, not to use strong drink, for it will injure you. You are liable to be tempted, and you must watch. "I tell you watch." W. D. M.

From a Mother to her Son.

"John, I have a few words for you. You are too hasty in your disposition. You must not be so downcast, for you know very well that the Lord will provide. You must be patient. Be humble. You do not trust God or you would leave all in his hands." S. B.

[From a Brother to a Brother.]

"Will you pray with all your power, for the time is fast coming when you will see the power of the Lord." W. W.

From a Stranger to the Circle.

"Search the Scriptures, for in them you may find that you have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me. You must search it prayerfully and diligently. You must study it for yourself, not have the belief of others; make up your mind prayerfully. You must not be too hasty to make up your mind as to what the Bible or the word of God means, until you have given it a prayerful attention. You must not suppose yourselves crossed in religious subjects, for they are ignorant as well as you on that subject. But when you argue pray the good Lord to impress you what to say—then say it with all the power that is given you." S. W.

[From a Stranger to the Circle.]

"My friends, you are here to try the Spirits. Well, you can try them in many ways: first, you can try them by prayer; second, you can try them by reading the Bible; and thirdly, you can try them by singing. If by these rules you are not satisfied, then part, and the Lord will not suffer you to be deceived. Now, my friends, you have many strong manifestations in Macon, for all of which you need to be thankful to the Giver of all good gifts. You do not deserve such blessings, for you ought to pray before you attempt to talk with us. We would be permitted to give you brighter manifestations. You must be more holy. I now speak directly to the medium. If you had faith, you could remove mountains. The people have become Gospel-hardened, and if now you will have faith, you will see such times as there were in the days of Pentecost. Now, let me implore every Christian to pray mightily, and every sinner that feels an interest for his soul's welfare. He should pray much, for God is about to show forth his light upon the earth in mighty power." S. B.

From a Sister to a Sister.

[The circle had just been singing the hymn, "We are passing away."]

"My sister, you all are indeed passing away from earth to brighter spheres; I say all that live near a throne of grace. Oh, my sister, keep your lamp well trimmed and burning, for you know not the hour when the bridegroom cometh. Tell my dear mother that it will not be long before I will meet her on the banks of deliverance; then with my father and mother, and all the best that have gone before, we can sing praises to the Most High, forever more. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." O. A. N.

From a Stranger to the Circle.

"My friends, you should be more prayerful if you expect to get communications that will be profitable to you. You should look to God for a bright manifestation of his power. If you do not ask God in a right manner, you never can be blessed. It is through him we are permitted to communicate to you." P. B.

Ga., near Hawkinsville, in the 97th year of her age. Was born near Newbern, N. C., and had a son, W. B., now living in California.]

"I have come to tell you that you must keep your mind constant in prayer to God, for the time is not far distant when we will see the outpouring of God in mighty power. It has already begun in some cities. Pray that the Lord may not pass Mecon by." W. B.

[This communication was received only a few days ago.] Numerous other communications of similar tone and character have been received, but it is unnecessary to multiply them. They breathe but the one universal sentiment of praise and gratitude to God, and the most solemn advice to those addressed, to seek, by prayer and a godly life, for the glories in reserve for the pure in heart.

On this head, therefore, we have only to say, that if such are manifestations as of *Satanic* influence, we would like to see some which would more perfectly represent the influence of the Holy Spirit of the Almighty! No, no, brother Walker, you dare not say that these teachings come from an impure source, for by that assumption you would declare the Bible to be of *Satanic* origin and the *Gospel of Jesus* to be a "delusion of the Devil." You can not do that, but you will be compelled to do this unless you renounce and recant the allegations contained in this third number of your disquisitions against "Modern Spiritualism." "Choose then this day whom ye will serve. If the Lord be God, serve Him, but if Baal, then serve him."

Another issue of the *Citizen* contains the following fact: One of the *City Cases*.—A case of "Spiritual manifestation" occurred in this city, last week, which is worthy of the notice of scoffers and gossamers, for whose benefit it we publish it. A gentleman, now present from Alabama, who was formerly well known as an able Editor, and now as a lawyer of repute in one of the South eastern counties of that State, whose name is suppressed for obvious reasons, but which is at the service of any one wishing to verify the facts. To this gentleman a communication was addressed from the spirit of a lady who has often favored the *Citizen* with valued information and counsel, when the following colloquy took place:

MEDIUM.—Is the spirit of a friend present?

ANSWER.—Yes, C—, I am here, what do you want?

Q.—Do you know B?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What is his name?

A.—Did you not just tell me?

Q.—What is his other name?

A.—G—.

Q.—By G. When did you know me?

A.—When you were a boy I think in '29. We went to the Sabbath School together.

Q.—Who was my teacher?

A.—I do not know, but Miss Holmes was mine. Ignatius Few was preacher in charge. I am not sure it was '29, but somewhere about there. I died in '33.

Q.—Can you tell me any incident by which I can be enabled to recognize or identify you?

A.—There is no incident that I know of that would make you know me, because I was not intimate with you. You married in '33, if I mistake not.

Q.—Do you know whom I married?

A.—Yes, C—, we all called her so.—Her name was Catharine C—.

Q.—Had she a middle name?

A.—I do not know if she had a middle name or not. (Signed) SARAH WILKINSON.

[Having written the name, the medium immediately proceeded to write this:]

Yes, B—, do you not remember when Charlotte had Mary, your Sister, at my father's, and the door fell on her and killed her? It crushed her skull.

This was sufficient. The gentleman his mother and sister, present, all remembered the incident well as having occurred in the western part of Georgia, near the Chatahoochee river. The other facts communicated were also recognized as true by the parties concerned.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE WRITTEN WORD.

WHEREAS SEE—CONCLUDED.

CHICAGO, July 4, 1858.

In former essays we were compelled to allude to the abuses of THE WORD by sectarians generally, who imagine that they are in full possession of that Divine Citadel, when in fact they have but entrenched themselves around and upon the outward walls of its literal expression; and we have also been called on to enter a special protest against still greater abuses arising from a newly formed sect (the so-called Swedenborgians), who are endeavoring to fortify themselves beneath the "cloud-capt towers" of its spiritual and celestial significance. We have done this from a conviction that the *sectarian* mind does not, and can not, enter into or rightly apprehend that which is essentially unitary and integral; and that hence it is that the personified DIVINE REASON HUSBAND tells us that this class of persons "go not in themselves, neither do they suffer those that are entering to go in." (See Matt. xxiii., 19.)

The Word, in its unity and integrality, can not be understood without doctrine. In this respect it is comparable to a perfectly organized body, having many parts, each of which performs some specific function. Being in itself a revelation or full exposition of the LORD as a DIVINE NATURAL MAN, it embodies an infinity of particulars, arranged in most perfect order. It is compared to a city in respect to doctrine. The inhabitants of

a great city, like that of London or New York, for instance, act as one man, or would do so under a perfect organization, in the administration of all public affairs, while each individual pursues his own particular calling in the fullest freedom, giving expression to his own peculiar tastes and genius in a manner wholly distinct from that of every other, whence the unity is made up of infinite variety. The city is laid out in streets and avenues, each having its own name, its houses for residence of families; its edifices for the transaction of public business, its warehouses, stores and workshops, are all numbered; so that a stranger may readily find any one of its multitude of inhabitants, provided he be first acquainted with the name of the person he wishes to find, the number of his residence or place of business, and the name of the street or avenue upon which he is located. By means of this orderly arrangement of a city, one may easily find its public institutions, have access to any of its public officers, may visit its courts, prisons, hospitals, halls of legislation, temples for public worship, etc., and thus make himself practically acquainted with the unitary order of the whole city, as well as acquire a theoretical knowledge of the laws by which unitary order is preserved among such a vast variety of differently constituted individuals. This orderly arrangement of a city is to a stranger precisely what doctrine is to one who would become a student of the Word. And it is for this reason that the truths of the Word are represented as coming down from God out of heaven in the form of a city; and that all who are in the state development represented by John in the Apocalypse, do actually see "the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." (Rev. xxi. 2.)

But it is the scientific mind only that is capable of beholding spiritual things by means of or through natural representatives; and this leads us to another very important division of our subject, namely, the Word in its scientific aspect. We begin by asking the question, What is SCIENCE? The best definition of the term that has yet appeared in print, is one given by the most profound of modern thinkers, Mr. Henry James, of New York, who defines it thus: "SCIENCE is a perception of the harmonies of the universe." Science, then, is not a mere knowledge of natural laws, but a perception of the harmonies resulting from a perfect agreement or "correspondence" of natural with spiritual laws. This definition unites the spiritual and the natural worlds, or at least implies their unity, giving to science a living soul, and to Revelation a glorious body; whereas all other definitions imply their separation, thereby reducing nature to the merest mechanism, at best but a self-moving machine in perpetual motion, and consigning the ever-living Word to an everlasting crucifixion.

What is it, let us ask, that constitutes the powerful charm which holds spell-bound the attention of immense audiences assembled to hear Professor Yeoman's, for long hours together, passing away like moments, as he brings to view the myriad wonders involved in the "Chemistry of a Sunbeam?" Is it the exhibition of nature's mechanism, or processes by which every substance in her three kingdoms may be resolved into their original gases, each one of which is weighed and measured so as to determine accurately their respective and relative proportions? Is it from a presentation of the astounding fact, that the atmosphere we inhale at every breath contains the embryotic substances of every form and object in all this vast outlying universe? No, it is from nothing of this sort; for these are capable of exciting no other emotion than that of curiosity, or the lowest degree of admiration. But the secret of that potent charm is found in a perception of the OMNIPRESENCE OF INFINITE LIFE in all the operations of nature; and it will be found that just in proportion to the vivacity of this perception will be the delight of the listener in every instance.

It is this perception to which Mr. James refers in his definition of science—a perception which, when cultivated to the extent of enabling one to perceive the spiritual processes of creation while listening to, or meditating upon, the details of nature's mechanism, places him in conjunction with the Creator himself, and renders him receptive of divinely influences, quickening all his faculties in their inmost, interior and external degrees, and filling him with that fulness of admiration, wonder and delight amounting to the very ecstasy of bliss which, in one word, we call—worship. This is Science.

We have heretofore spoken disparagingly of that sort of worship which our clergymen are in the habit of urging upon the

people as a *duty*. It may not be amiss to say a few words in this place, in addition to what has been said on that subject. Worship is of two kinds, voluntary and involuntary, each having a different origin in the mind, causing them to be widely different in character or quality. The former, or voluntary worship, begins in a lower or more external plane of mind than that from which the latter proceeds, being derived from intellectual promptings urged by a sense of duty, properly termed *conscience*; while the latter is of so interior a source as to make it a spontaneous effusion of the soul, a flowing forth of the inmost affections. The first is but a partial action of the mind; one in which the *will* is more or less reluctant in assenting to the promptings of the *understanding*; while the second is from a full concurrence of will and understanding, the harmonious activity of which produces blissful emotion, rising at times into states of ecstasy and rapture. We speak not at all of those ecstatic or spasmodic emotions which enthusiasts mistake for worship; for that is not a rational enthusiasm, as it lacks a scientific basis.

It may seem paradoxical to call an act *voluntary* wherein the *will* is reluctant; but this is explained by the fact, that in worship prompted by a sense of *duty*, the interior or true will is not yet formed, and that, therefore, it is the external or merely natural will which unites with and consents to those intellectual promptings, making the action seem to the worshiper his own *voluntary* act, as when he kneels in prayer, with devout tone and manner, he feels all the while that he is performing voluntarily, or of himself, a religious duty; and this is what is meant by voluntary worship. But where the worship is involuntary, the person is conscious of an inflow of emotions and thoughts altogether foreign to anything he could call *his own*, and is sensible in every inmost fibre of his being, at the same time that he is rationally convinced, he is wrought upon by a power which is spiritual, heavenly and Divine. In this state, the worshiper totally abandons *himself* to that supernal life thus manifest within him, and his action becomes *involuntary*, saying, "THY WILL BE DONE," with all his heart, soul, mind and strength.

This state of truly religious exaltation of the human soul is now attainable by man while here in the natural body, and may be enjoyed quite as well by the mechanic in his shop, the merchant in his counting house, or the man of learning in his library, as by the devotee in his cathedral. Indeed, it is only the true worker who becomes susceptible of such exalted worship. By true workers is meant those who "do with *all* their might whatsoever their hands find to do;" that is, they whose action is prompted by a genuine good will and a true understanding, filling to the best of their ability the function assigned them by Divine Providence. The means of attaining to this state are, first, a genuine faith in THE WORD, and consequent abnegation of all private or personal claims to superiority over our fellow-men, or to any Divine gift which we would not have conferred upon every one who is willing and able to receive it, whether it be spiritual or natural. This is the faith which inspired the early Apostles of Christianity, and which enabled Paul to perceive that "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." (Rom. i. 20.) But such a faith is now totally obscured in the Christian Church by the unscientific habits its leaders have acquired of separating the spiritual from the natural, and thus ignoring the whole doctrine of human unity. They abide in the "letter which killeth," while they reject the "Spirit which giveth life." The consequence is, all knowledge of spiritual things is lost to them.

Nevertheless spiritual life is now asserting itself through new methods, and men will learn of it by other means than those established by ecclesiastics. New doctrines are given, explaining the laws of unity which bind the invisible with the visible creation, and the spiritual phenomena come in as an illustrating and confirming adjunct of the new doctrines. Spiritualism has, to our certain knowledge, aided some in the attainment of a higher appreciation of THE WORD, who, on discovering its interior contents enriched with every treasure of Science and Art, have been enabled to recognize the true source of both Science and Art; for these are found in their perfection in the Word, which is a work of Omniscience, and a model of Art. But let it be carefully noted, that neither Spiritualism nor Science is a door of entrance into true Unity, or an understanding of the Word; they may aid us in arriving at the door, but not in passing through. The only "Door" of the Word is described in John x. 1-9. As ever, yours, JOHN WHITE.

THE MOVING MENTAL WORLD—THE NEWS.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE ERIE RAILROAD.—Another terrible destruction of human life and limb occurred on Thursday night last on the Erie Railroad, near Port Jervis. The five P. M. Express train for Dunkirk, which six miles east of Port Jervis, encountered a broken rail in the track. The engine tender, baggage car and three passenger cars passed over the gap in safety, but the two last passenger cars swung off the track, and, after running about twenty-five rods, the coupling parted, and they were hurled down a declivity thirty feet deep, to the meadows below. Before reaching the bottom, the cars turned over twice; the first time, the sides were burst open, and subsequently they were split up into minute pieces, and their human contents strewn about the ground, wounded, dying and dead. As soon as it could be done, the train was checked and backed, and the horrid-spectacle inmates of the other cars hurried to the rescue of the injured. Both of the overturned cars were full of passengers, and the consequences of the disaster were most appalling. Five persons were instantly killed, and some fifty were badly wounded, some of them fatally.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—One of the most absorbing subjects of hope and fear that now occupies public attention, is the Trans-Atlantic Telegraph, which is in process of being laid between the coasts of Ireland and Newfoundland. The most definite news of the progress of the operation which had been received in this city up to Saturday last, is contained in the following dispatch:

Boston, Friday, July 16, 1858.

Through the kindness of Capt. Joseph Cummings of the ship *Alce Munroe* from Liverpool, arrived off this port, we have received the following:

At Sea, Sunday, June 27, 1858.

"Lat. 52 5 N., long. 33 15 W., wind west and light, and weather hazy, saw two ships heading to the eastward. On looking with a glass found them to be the United States steam frigate *Niagara* and Her Majesty's ship *Gorgon* of the telegraphic squadron, and as they were lying still, I at once tackled ship and stood toward them. At 11 o'clock A. M. was boarded by Cyrus W. Field, Esq., and a lieutenant from the *Niagara*, from whom we received a letter-bag and the following communication, viz: That the squadron had experienced very bad weather from the time of leaving port, and were sixteen days reaching their destination, and that they had made two unsuccessful attempts to lay the cable. On the second attempt, the 26th, they succeeded in laying upward of forty miles, and were going along finely, when the communication suddenly ceased at 12:55, Sunday morning, the 27th of June. The ship then returned to the starting-point, and was waiting the return of the *Agamemnon* and *Valorous*, and as soon as they met a splice would be made, and another attempt would be made to lay the cable. We lost sight of the *Niagara* at 3:30 P. M., and as the fog set in soon after, I do not think the squadron met before the 28th. The weather since, for some days, has been foggy and unsettled. Mr. Field seemed to be in good spirits, and thought that they should yet succeed in laying the cable. The stormy weather had interfered much with the success of the enterprise. One of the ships had sustained slight injury—a coal-bunker breaking loose, by which one sailor had his leg broken and another his arm. All was well on board the *Niagara*; her machinery worked well and the ship performed well."

RENOVATION OF MOUNT VERNON.—The Newark *Daily Advertiser* says: We are glad to learn that the ladies of the Mount Vernon Association have taken one step, and that an important one, in order to make the Mecca of the American pilgrimages all that it should be, by soliciting the service of Mr. Geo. C. Thurnburn, of this city, to take charge of the premises. It is intended, we understand, to raise a large fund—\$500,000, if possible—the interest of which will be appropriated toward beautifying the place from time to time, the cultivation of rare and beautiful trees, flowers (seeds and cuttings of which will be distributed through the country), laying out the grounds in the most tasteful manner, and, in a word, making it the Garden of America. Among other improvements contemplated, are the restoration of a church on the premises, built by Washington, which has long gone to decay, and the building of a mausoleum to cost from \$25,000, to \$30,000.

FROM MORMONDOM.—St. Louis, Tuesday, July 13, 1858.—Trustworthy advices from Utah, under date of June 18, state that the conditions agreed upon at the conference between Gov. Cumming, the Peace Commissioners and the heads of the Mormon Church are, that the troops shall enter the city without opposition, that the civil officers shall be permitted to perform their duties without interruption, and that unconditional obedience shall be paid to the laws of the land, while on the other hand past offenses are to be forgiven, as was stated in the President's proclamation. All the houses in the city had been closed against both civil officers and strangers, except one, which was occupied by the Governor and his family. Everybody else was obliged to sleep in their wagons or on the ground. The persons in the city were Gov. Cumming, Secretary Hartness, Messrs. Powell and McCulloch, the Peace Commissioners: Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs; Mr. Craig, Indian Agent; Mr. Dodson, Marshal of the Territory; Mr. Brown, the special correspondent of the *Tribune*, with Messrs. Simon and Fillmore of New-York.

CAIRO AFTER THE FLOOD.—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*, writing from Cairo, July 5, says: "The water is not yet out of the town, although the sewers are opened, and it is receding very slowly. The ground shows itself in several places, but it can not be said to be either high or dry; for although it is possible, in places, to walk over it dry shod, it is generally hardly navigable for anything but hops and other water craft. The Taylor House is not out of water yet, although the river has dropped below the floor. The basement is still inundated, and the hotel business has not yet been revived, as the only access from the levee is by means of ferriage. A ferry from below has moved up in front of this hotel, and the plank-work, which had thence to the levee, has entirely disappeared, being either floated off or sunk."

PIC-NIC ROMANCE.—An amusing and romantic event occurred at a German picnic in Westfield, a few days ago. A seagr maker, says the *Republican*, had long sought the hand of one of the daughters of Westfield, but met with continuous disappointment. It happened that both were at the pic-nic, and amid the other pleasures, some one suggested, in sport, that "we have a wedding." The lady unsuspectingly turned to her oft-discarded lover with a jokey invitation to join hands, and a magistrate, who also held the office of Town Clerk, put down his duty below in fun this little matter, as was apparent when his lady's hand came with a properly made out certificate to claim her hand. It is said that there was a brief exhibition of tears, a very modest lingering between maiden and wife, and then a hearty acceptance of the matrimonial union, and then a joyous wedding.

GEN. SCOTT has issued orders for six companies of men to be immediately sent to Vancouver, Oregon, via Aspinwall, to reinforce Colonel Steptoe, who has been defeated by the Indians. The passage from New York to Vancouver will occupy about thirty-five days. We do not know the merits of the case, but presume that the Indians have been exasperated by impositions, else there would probably have been no trouble. Those who would have peace, should themselves be just and peaceable.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says that in Kentucky the opposition candidate for the Court of Appeals a making anti-Unionism speeches all over the State, and his chances are said to be good for election.

A STRANGE STORY.—The *Marquette (La.) Central Organ* has the following: Some two nights since, a death occurred in a certain portion of our parish, which was brought about in a strange manner. A gentleman, living unhappily with his wife, some few months since committed suicide. This so affected her that she often of a morning declared that the Ghost of the deceased had haunted her during the night. Finally, one day she affirmed the Devil had appeared to her, and after upbraiding her, stated that hereafter when she should attempt to eat or drink, her food and water would choke her. And strange to say, whenever she took any nourishment or drank any fluid, she was instantly choked. This continued for twenty-seven days, when she died from pure starvation. These facts we have from a gentleman of undoubted veracity."

COL. JOHN WARD, of Woburn, recently deceased, has devised real estate in Boston, valued at about \$20,000, the net rents of which are to be annually paid to the college "for the support and medical education of worthy and moral indigent females."

TREASURES OF THE VASTY DEEP.—The editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette* has been luxuriating on a bottle of Rhine wine which was part of the contents of a three-gallon jug which was resurrected from the bed of the Miami Canal, sixteen inches below the surface, by a laborer named McCabed. It had probably been dropped overboard by some passing boat, and the washings of dirt had completely imbedded it. The liquid was good old German wine, with not a headache in a hog-head of it. In addition to the three-gallon jug, there was also found, in the bed of the canal, a lady's gold watch, a five franc piece, a leather purse, and six dollars in gold and several quarters, a Bavarian kreutzer and other small coin.

A NEGRO TURNING WHITE.—The *Forester (Md.) Shield* says a correspondent at Newmarket writes us as follows: "We have living in this place a negro woman, aged about fifty years, named Hannah Smith, who presents the rare phenomenon of a negro turning white. This change has been produced by the absorption of the *pigmentum nigrum*, or coloring matter of the skin. Her body, arms, legs and breast are entirely white, with the exception of some spots, varying in size from a dime to a half dime, dispersed over her body and limbs."

THE DICKENS' SCANDAL.—The London correspondent of the Spring *field Republican*, writing on the 26th of June, gives the following explanation of the incompatibility between Dickens and his wife: "In the literary world, very little is stirring, except the gossip on the domestic affairs of Charles Dickens. Probably his explanatory letter, published a month ago, and full of mysterious allusions, has excited as much curiosity in America as here. The facts dimly alluded to are these: About twenty-two years ago, Mr. Dickens, then a clerk, married a very pretty and amiable young girl (whose parents opposed the match as far beneath her), and took her home to obscure lodgings in Farnival's Inn. For some years they lived very happily together; but Mr. Dickens, having become a great man, flattered and courted, finds that his domestic felicity is not as great as could be desired. Two or three years ago he gave a dinner to his literary friends on the anniversary of his wedding day, and in proposing his wife's health, stated that he had never seen a shade of ill temper over her in his life. This equality of disposition does not satisfy him. She is not intellectual. He reads his works to her, and she, absorbed in needle-work, inquires abstractedly what he means by some of his most brilliant passages. In short, she is not a companion to him: so the brilliant novelist and actor separates on the ground of 'incompatibility,' from her whom he vowed before God to love and to cherish, and from henceforth their lives have separate ends. The oldest child, a youth of twenty-one, has chosen to follow the fortunes of his mother, while the daughters remain with their father. To make the affair still more notorious, a young lady, Mrs. Dickens's sister, has undertaken to 'keep house' for Mr. Dickens and his daughters. The whole affair is very repugnant to our ideas of matrimonial constancy, and has not enlarged the circle of Mr. Dickens's admirers."

SPEAKING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH. The London *Observer* says: "The first message which will be sent along the wires will be, as we stated on a previous occasion, one addressed by her Majesty to the President of the United States. The message, carefully sealed, has been sent to the United States Legation, and will not be opened until the telegraph is perfectly ready for its transmission."

THE TURKISH ADMIRAL. Mohammed Pasha, and suit, left for home in the steamer of the 14th, from Boston, orders having been received to that effect. They paid farewell visits to the Governor of the State and the Mayor of Boston on the 13th.

THE HARTFORD TIMES says that a child was born in that city last month whose right leg, from about two inches below the hip joint, downward, including the foot, is entirely black.

THE FREE LABOR MOVEMENT IN NORTH MISSOURI.—The free labor movement is making rapid progress in Missouri. It is sweeping everything before it, and it is certain to annihilate in a very short time the party of aristocratic slave propagandists who are opposed to its principles. The people are determined to clear the way for the progress of the grand movement, which has already accomplished much for the material prosperity of the State. The certain and cheering sounds that the bugle of independence has sent forth from the patriotic people of Missouri, who, a few years ago, unfurled the white man's banner on their own soil, under most discouraging circumstances, has caused a tremendous influx of intelligent people from the older States, who, in anticipation of the early and full success of the emancipation movement, have located in the cities and towns, and on the fertile lands of this State—a State which, in the point of agricultural and mineral wealth, and all the resources that nature has provided for the comfort and convenience of man—is the first in the Union. The residents of Missouri, having had a foretaste of the financial and social benefits resulting from this movement, are rapidly arraying themselves on the side of free soil. So much having been accomplished by one or two effective blows for the cause of the white man, they begin to discover that the uprooting of the evil must lead to beneficial results, which can not now be estimated.

The cause of free labor is progressing. Its course is onward. It may be hindered temporarily, but wherever white labor can be substituted

TRAGEDY IN LEXINGTON.—A fearful tragedy took place in Lexington, Ky., on the 10th inst. Mr. Joseph Beard, Marshall of the city, a man who appears to be universally respected, saw one Wm Barker, a notorious bully and thief, abusing another man, and arrested him. As he was conveying him to the watch house, Barker stabbed him in a most terrible and fiendlike manner, instantly killing him, for which he was immediately arrested and lodged in jail. Two hours after the murder the Court House bell and all the firebells of the city rang. This seemed to be the signal. In an incredibly short space of time the Court House and yard were filled with people. A motion was made and seconded, to hang the murderer immediately. The response was a rush to the jail. The jailer, Mr. Blincoe, was seized, the keys taken from him, and Barker taken to the Court House. Here an effort was made by Mr. Joseph Harrison, Judge Thomas, and Mr. Roger Hanson, to induce the mob to wait and let the prisoner be tried and hung by the action of the law, but their voices were drowned in shouts, "Hang him! hang him!" A beam was thrown out of the second story window, and a rope being placed around the victim's neck, he was asked if he did not wish to pray. He replied with an oath, asking what he was to pray for, uttering threats at the same time, as to what he would do with the questioner if he was released. The rope being attached to the beam outside, he was tossed from the window falling some six feet. The rope breaking, he fell to the pavement, fracturing his skull. He was again taken up on a ladder and thrown over. This time the rope held and he was left swinging for two hours in the broad bright light of a July sun, in full view of the most populous street, crowded with men, women, and children. It was the intention of the rioters to leave him until six o'clock P. M., but he was cut down at the end of the time mentioned.

THE APPROACHING ELECTION IN KANSAS.—C. W. Babcock, esq., Mayor of Lawrence City, Kansas, and President of the Territorial Council, has arrived in this city. Mr. Babcock presented himself on the Corn Exchange, and conversed freely on Kansas matters with a number of friends. He stated that the indications were that the Administration would not secure one thousand votes in support of the English bill at the coming election. Mr. Babcock is one of the Commissioners to canvass the votes. He is stopping at present at the Metropolitan Hotel.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION CELEBRATION AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—The friends of emancipation are to have a grand celebration at Poughkeepsie, on Monday, August 2, the anniversary of that event in the West Indies. Fred. Douglas is the orator of the day, and Hon. Geo. Sterling and other colored orators will address the meeting.

REV. A. HAVLAND, Pastor of St. Michael's (Catholic) Church in Chester, Pa., emphatically contradicts the statement of the *Media Advertiser* (printed in that county) that a Catholic clergyman of that county recently administered a severe whipping to a Mrs. Joanna Connor of his flock. The clergyman accused is the Rev. Charles Mangia of Ivy Mills.

CONVENTION OF COLORED MEN.—The colored citizens of New Bedford, Mass., have made arrangements for a State Mass Convention, to be held in New Bedford, August 2, to take into consideration the many grievances under which they now labor, imposed upon them by the Fugitive Slave bill and the Dred Scott decision.

YANKEE MUSIC FOR TURKEY.—An order has been given and filled through Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Mayor of Boston, by his excellency Admiral Mohammed Pasha, to furnish the national music of America for the army and navy of the Sultan of Turkey.

INTERESTING MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

Professor Birney who has spent a long time in the rural district of France, and who, to judge by his sketches, is more practically acquainted with the minutest points of French life than any American of the present day, gives a melancholy view of the estimate in which women are held in that country. Some of his pictures are exceedingly graphic, but the idea of a woman's inferiority runs through them with fearful distinctness. We take the following example. He had bargained for a passage on a canal boat.

The captain invited us on board. "Off in a minute," says he. "Here, wife, hitch up at once."

At this summons a stout, raw-boned lady, with complexion and toilette much the worse for hard usage, emerged from below. She stepped on the quarter-deck to bid us good morning, and put on her dregs then stepped out on the bank. Putting our knapsacks on the quarter-deck, we looked around, expecting to see the captain's lady lead out from some neighboring stable the famous animal that was to make our progress on the glad blue waters of the canal. Instead of this she unrolled the towline, stretched it to its full length, and dropped over her own head the broad leather loop at its end, and bowed herself to the work of towing. She was the best of draught her husband had dragged off. The boat was too much for her strength. Jules ran to aid her, and the captain surrendering the rudder to me, aided by poling at the sides. In a few moments we were moving steadily forward. Jules sprang back on the quarter deck; the captain ceased poling, and amused himself by whistling the Marseilles Hymn and looking out cheerfully over the landscape; and the captain's wife is struggling away leaning down to it at an angle of forty-8°.

"Jules," said I, "what do you think of the poor woman bent double on the tow-path?"

"Think! She is better off than I am. She and her husband own the whole boat-load: she told me so."

Her being turned into a beast of draught did not shock his prejudices in the least; he had been accustomed to witness this degradation. We went on in silence for an hour. During this time we met three boats, two of them drawn by women, and one by a man and boy. The captain came aft to take the rudder.

"Well, captain," said I, "you have a famous mare, it is true, but what would you do if she wouldn't go?"

"Wouldn't go?" he exclaimed with a disdainful laugh. A piece of stout cord, about four feet long, was lying at his feet; he pushed it toward me with the toe of his shoe, and added, "there's the rope's end that would bring her to her reason."

"But you wouldn't whip your wife."

"Let her deserve it and you'll see."

"You haven't the right to."

"Why not? If my donkey won't go, I wallop him."

"You don't compare your wife to a donkey?"

"Generally she is a good creature enough, but sometimes she is the most stubborn of the two."

"That makes no difference; it is dastardly to fly into a passion with a woman."

"There you are right," said he, with a laugh. "I am never in a

